ANDERSON, S. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1875.

GRAY HAIRS.

It cannot be! Hold up the light—
Close—the other way;
Yes, child, your laughing guess was
right—
My hair is turning gray.
Among those tresses, long my pride,
A thread of silvery sheen
Has dared audaciously to hide
Their rippling waves between.
Ah me! when youth and childhood
seem

Scarce to have passed away,
'Tis sad to startle from one's dream
And find one's hair is gray.

I know the fire burns in my heart Or flashes from my eye
As fiercely as it used to start
In days so long gone by.
I know I feel, I love, I hate,

As keenly as of yore; I had not deemed it was so late-Child age stood at the door.
Life's hours seem more than ever full,
And joy crowns every day,
Yet o'er their current comes a lull—

My hair is turning gray.

You offer comfort, darling,—say The silver lies alone; Companionless it will not stay Ere many months have flown. Gray hairs you think a circlet bright To crown a regal head;— One used to praise their raven light In halcyon evenings fled. But ah! that voice is silent now, That form is laid away,
The lips are closed that used to vow
Long ere my hair was gray.

Well, let it come,—the silver sign— I live again in thee; Thy tresses are as surely mine And still more fair to see,
For morning's gold is glinting back,
And morning's purples lie
Along my darling's sunny track,
Reflected in her eye.

What matter, since her young life grows
More brilliant every day?
Her mother grieves not, though she knows Her hair is turning gray.

Ah well! the clouds have often rifts Their masses dark between; As suddenly the topmost lifts A silver ray is seen.
It may be God draws back the clouds
And lets heaven's glory through In silver lines across the shrouds That bar it from my view. And I can hail his path of light Which marks my upward way, And so give thanks because this night My hair is turning gray.

THE APOLOGY.

Too late I stayed; forgive the crime?
Unheeded flew the hours;
So lightly falls the foot of time
That only treads on flowers.

Ah! who with steady eye can mark The ebbing of the glass,
When all its sands are diamond sparks
That dazzle as they pass?

Or who to sober measurement Time's happy fleetness brings, When birds of Paradise have lent

The Character of Joseph Crews. The Columbia Register draws the following picture of the late Joseph Crews, which will be readily recognized by those

who knew him: Lying back of the chronic quarrel and embittered memories which might have broken out any time in bloodshed or instigated revenge, between Mr. Joseph Crews and his personal and political enemies in Laurens, was a deeper cause of trouble, danger and embarrassment to as beautiful, on a small scale, as the old him as a public man. His position as such was anomalous. He was entirely out of place in having its honors and responsibilities to bear. We allude to it without a particle of unkind feeling towards him, living or dead, solely because it is truth, and gives a key to some of his of the kind he wanted just then, it enmany entanglements and personal and political embroilments, and because

there are others in the State in a similar awkward position, who may profit by the facts and the lesson they teach. Joseph Crews was shrewd, but not of the kind of shrewdness which benefit

one's fellow men. He had the milk of human kindness flowing in his veins, but it curdled at the slightest touch. He was generous to his friends and dependents, but his nature was essentially piratical. He created consternation on whatever sea he sailed his craft. The purposes, the objects, the inspiration of his life, were such as to bring him into conflict with the best and most stable interests of society. The men who sought to serve it, who, if in public positions, would place duty and obligation of trust above personal emoluments and advantage, he instinctively shrank from, disliked, and, if need be, persecuted. Such a man was not fitted to take any conspicuous, honorable or just part in public affairs. He could only enter into combinations for mere gain. He had necessarily, and as a matter of course, his sympathies and antipathies, his spites and his ring proclivities to indulge in, all turning mainly upon their relation to his personal advantage. We are ready to believe, however, that even with such peculiar susceptibility to selfish influences and constitutional exemption from such as would qualify him for public usefulness, he was to a considerable extent the victim or foot-ball of circumstances. He had not lived in an era of gross corruption, in such times as brought obscurity into notice, exalted chicanery and trick into virtues, and made public men out of the commonest and coarsest clay, he would have escaped undeserved notoriety, perhaps lived a better life, and died a more peaceful death. Lifted into prominence only by party and to serve mere party personal ends, he could never feel easy in any respectable society, or enjoy the confidence of any respectable commu-nity. He was not in his place as a leader of men, and necessarily gravitated towards acquiring ascendency by any means over the lowest and most ignorant classes, in order to secure a lever of control over the higher, who repudiated him. He was consequently always in hot water. He had victims to immolate, enemies to the expense of better men, and at the

It is claimed for him that he was affectionate in his family, and ready and willing to lavish favors and kindnesses virtue. It is one which several of his associates in the public counsels, who fully shared his defects and vices, do not possesss. It would be well if they could see this, and as speedily as possible withdraw themselves from the public view. With them the post of honor would be emphatically a private station.

cost of the public interests.

A PAWNBROKER'S STORY.

As a pawnbroker in a populous suburb of London, I have had occasion to see painful and sometimes not unpleasing phases of society. Just to give an idea of what occasionally comes under the notice of persons in my profession, I shall describe a little incident and its consequences. One evening I stepped to the door for a little fresh air and to look about me for a moment. While I was gazing up and down the road I saw a tidily-dressed young person step up to our side door. She walked like a lady and let me tell you that in nine cases out of ten it's the walk, and not the dress, which distinguishes the lady from the servant girl—and first she looked about, and then she seemed to make up her mind in a flurried sort of way, and in a moment more was standing at our counter holding out a glittering something in a little trembling hand covered with a worn kid glove.

My assistant, Isaacs, was stepping forward to take the seal, when I came in and interposed. The poor young thing was so nervous and shy, and altogether so unused to this work, that I felt for her as if she had been my own daughter, almost. She couldn't have been above eighteen years old-so frail and gentle a

"If you please, will you tell me," she said timidly, in a very sweet, low voice, trembling with nervousness, what is the value of this seal?"

"(Well miss.") I said the last the said time. creature.

"Well, miss," I said, taking the seal into my hand and looking at it—it was an old fashioned seal, such as country gentlemen used to wear, with a coat of arms cut upon it—"that depends upon whether you want to pledge it, or sell it outright."

"I am married, sir," and she said the words proudly and with dignity, though still so shy, and seeming ready to burst out crying; "and my husband is very ill—and—and—" And then the tears wouldn't be kept back any longer, and she sobbed as if her poor little heart would break would break.

"There, there, my dear," I said to her; "don't cry; it will all come right in time;" and I tried to comfort her in my own rough-and-ready way. "I will lend you, ma'am," I said to her at last, "a sovereign upon this seal; and if you wish to sell it, perhaps I can sell it for you are adventored." And so I gave her a you to advantage." And so I gave her a pound; and she tripped away with a lighter heart, and many thanks to me, and I thought no more of the matter at the time.

The very next day, the day before Christmas, there came into our place of business a very eccentric gentleman, who had called upon us pretty often before, not for the sake of pawning anything, though he was dressed shabby enough to. But he was a collector-one of those men who are mad upon old china and curiosities of all sorts.

"Anything in my way, to-day, Mr. manner, with a jolly smile upon his face, and putting down the cigarette he was smoking upon the edge of the counter. The Rev. Mr. Broadman is a collector of gems, and rings, and seals, and, in fact, of any stones that have heads or figures apon them. And I had been in the habit of putting aside for him whatever in this way passed through our hands, for he gave us a better price than we should have got for them at the quarterly sales. "The fact is, Davis, he said to me, "these things are invaluable; many of them are Greek scriptures; and some of them even by the same artists. And they are made no longer; for, in this busy nineteenth century of ours, time and brains are too precious to be spent on these laborious trifles." Now, although I had no stones tered into my head that I would tell him about the seal which had come into my possession the evening before.

I told him the story somewhat as I have just told it to you. He listened attentively to all I said. When I had done, he looked at the seal and said: "I observe that it has the heraldic emblem of a baronet." He then congratulated me upon the way in which I had acted. He asked, too, for this young lady's address, which she had given me quite cor-rect, and then he left the shop without another word.

You must give me leave to tell the rest of the story in my own way, although it may be a very different way from that which the reverend personage employed in relating it to me afterward.

It seemed that it was a runaway match. A country baronet's son had fallen in love with the clergyman's daughter in the village where his father lived, and they had run away together and got married. Then they came up to London, these two poor young things-for neither his father, nor her's either, for that matter, would have anything to say to the match-he, full of hopes of getting on in the literary and artistic line, and she, poor creature, full of trust in him.

The project of living by literature did not turn out what was expected. The young fellow, without experience or friends, spent much time in going about from one publisher to another, and sending his writings to the various magazines -which I need not say were always "returned with thanks." And then he fell ill; typhus, I fancy, brought on by insufficient nourishment, and bad drainage, and disappointed hopes. The registrargeneral dosn't give a return of these cases in any list that I am aware of; but we see something of them in our line of business, nevertheless.

It was just at this time that Mr. Broadman found out Mrs. Vincent; for that was the name of the young lady who came to my shop with the gold seal. Cambridge Terrace is not very far from the Angel at Islington, and there, in a little back-street of small, respectable houses, inhabited by junior clerks, with here and there a lodging house, Mr. and Mrs. Vincent lived.

They were rather shy at first of a stranger, and a little proud and haughty, punish, friends to raise up and reward at perhaps. People who have seen better the expense of better men, and at the days, and are down upon their luck, are apt to be so. But the person with his pleasant ways and cherry voice, soon made it all right; and, in a jiffy, he and Mr. Vincent were talking about college, upon his friends. We can well believe it for they had both been to the same unito be true. It is a great and redeeming versity. And there was even soon a smile, too-a wan smile enough-upon the poor invalid's sharp-cut, thin face, with the hollow, far-away eyes, which looked at you as if out of a cavern. He was the wreck of a fine young fellow, ing and shooting, and all the country ard the harte is the tuftest piece of meat 180 loaves before he imbibes enough of top of the stove, it does seem as if they nearly wiped out, and the few men retoo; one who had been used to his huntsports which make broad-chested strong- in the whole critter."

limbed country people the envy of us poor, thin, pale townsfolk.

Mr. Broadman came direct to me when he left them, I did not live far off, and he thought that I might lend them a neighbor's help. "Davis," says he, "that poor fellow is dying; I can see death in his

"What is he a-dying of?" I replied.

He looked at me steadfastly a moment, and I could see a moisture in his eye, as he said, slowly and solemnly, "Of starvation, Davis-of actual want of food." "A gentleman starving in London, in Islington, a baronet's son, too! Why,

it's incredible."

"Not at all," said Mr. Broadman, "these are the very people who do die of starvation in London, and in all great cities. Not the poor, who know where the work-house is, and who can get at the relieving officer, if the worst comes to worst; but the well-born, who have fallen into destitute poverty, and who carry their pride with them, dive into a back alley, like some wild animal into a hole, to die alone. Mr. Vincent wants wine and jellies, and all sorts of good things; if help hasn't come too late. No, no, my friend," he continued, putting back my hand, for I was ready to give my money in a proper cause. "No, no; I have left them all they want at present, Davis. But I'll tell you what you can do; you can, if you like to play the good Samaritan, go and see them, and cheer them up a bit. Mrs. Vincent hasn't forgotlen your kindness to her, I can assure you. And I think her husband would like to thank you too, and it would rouse him up a bit, perhaps." And then Mr. Broadman told me, shortly, something of what these two poor things had gone

her to this pass, and could do nothing for Mr. Broadman wrote that very day to the baronet, a proud, hard man, I'm told. But the letter he wrote back was soft enough, and melting to read; it was so full of human nature, you see—the father's heart swelling up at the thought of getting back his son; and bursting through the thick crust of pride which had prevented him from making the first advances. And the parson says to me:
"Well, Mr. Davis," he said, "there are
many people kept asunder only for want of somebody to go between them, you see, and make peace.'

And I said, partly to myself; "Why shouldn't Christianity itself be such a generous peacemaker as that?"

"Ay," replied Mr. Broadman, "if people only believed in it properly."

That very day we got the baronet's letter; I was on my way in the afternoon, to Cambridge terrace to pay my respects to Mrs. Vincent—and I had sent in a few bottles of good old port wine from my own wine-merchant—at least as good as could be got for money or love. Well, when I got near the door, I saw an old gentleman walking up and down, a little disturbed, apparently, in his mind at finding himself in such a queer locality, and as if looking for something or somebody. A short, rosy faced fellow he was, clean shaved as a pin, and very neat and old-fashioned in his dress; with that sort of air about him which marks an English country gentleman wherever he may be. Well, we soon got into a talk, for I'd spotted the baronet in a moment, and he was anxious to find out something about his son, as soon as he heard I knew

a little of the young couple. "And you do not think sir, that mythat Mr. Vincent is dangerously ill?" said the old baronet; and there was a sob in his voice as he spoke, and his hand trembled as he laid it upon mine.

"Here is the house," I said, "and you will be able to judge for yourself." We went in. At least the baronet went into the room, trembling in every limb with the excitement of seeing his son. But when he set his eyes on him, the poor old man was so startled that he could scarcely speak. His son saw him and tried to rise, but fell back feebly into his chair. "Dear father," he murmured, stretching out a thin, trembling hand,

But the father was on his knees by the chair in a moment, clasping his son's head in his arms, and fondling him as he had done when the man was a baby. "What have I to forgive? You must forgive me for being so hard, my dear boy, and get better soon, Wilfred, my

son, my son!" I had come into the room; I could not help it, I was so interested and excited. But I saw that in the young man's face which made my heart sink in my bosom like lead.

The young wife saw it too, and gave one, two, three sharp screams, as if a knife had been thrust into her side. Mr. Broadman saw it; and quietly kneeling down, commended to God-as

well as he could, for sobbing-the soul of his servant departing this life. And I—well, why should I be ashamed to confess it? I knelt down too, and cried like a child; for the young man had died in his father's arms at the very moment

of reconciliation. A LESSON FROM CABBAGE.-Every one knows that cabbage will not grow fast or head out well unless they are hoed in the morning, while the dew is on the ground. Hoeing later in the day, when same effect. The reasons appear to be these: The dew being covered with soil is retained, and helps keep the earth moist. It contains a large amount of oxygen, which it took from the air .-These acts to decompose the soil, and to hasten the growth of plants. It also absorbs a large quantity of ammonia, which is directly taken up by the plants .-Now the same cause ought to produce the same effects on the other plants, and it has been found by observing farmers that they do. Market gardeners prefer to have potatoes hoed either when the soil

is wet with dew or after a slight rain. Observations made by one of the best farmers in Wisconsin, extending through many years, convinced him that there was great advantage in plowing land while it was wet with dew. Especially was this the case when clover or grass was plowed under. It was found that the grass and sod rotted much sooner, and of better quality.

- "I hev heard a great deal ced," remarked Josh Billings, "about broken hartes, and the world may be ful ov 'em, THE GULF CYCLONE.

Destruction of Indianola, Texas, and Many Lives Lost.

The town of Indianola, Texas, was althe 17th inst., and more than one hundred and fifty lives were lost. The telegraph wires were carried away at the start, and it was several days before the news was communicated to the outside world. We give a sketch of the scene, as portrayed by business correspondents received by firms in Galveston:

eastward veering to north. On Thursday morning it became more steady, increasing to a gale. The water was waist deep. Every man, woman and child were seeka place of safety. It blew fearfully. The situation was awful. Screams from thanked our God that we had been saved, and that our perilous condition was as our neighbors and citizens along the bay. through—she, loving and trusting him so; and he, half mad that he had brought day previous-ruim, total ruin! Everywhere people were seen walking and umping over one gully and another. Neighbor met neighbor and told of the troubles and tribulation of the previous night. Death and destruction were all ground; others swayed round and leaning over. The wind was dying and the water disappearing from places in the the search was made for missing relatives and friends. How many have lost their lives in this fearful storm, it is impossible to learn. Up to this time sixty or seventy bodies have been found and buried. Women were found, and men also, who had floated off on doors or anything they could get hold of. Some were beneath the roofs, carried away long distances.

The escape of so many of our citizens is almost miraculous. The search for bodies is still going on, and the number of human beings drowned will never be known, as there were a large number of strangers in town. We estimate the number of lives they have succeeded in spending more lost at 150. H. J. Huck lost everything than they made. A little of the pre-but his houses. Eighteen bodies were vious year's debt has been too offound yesterday, and search will be continued until all the dead are deposited in their last resting place. You cannot imagine the extent of the disaster. Nothing short of its full details will give a proper knowledge. Numbers of persons were out on rafts for hours, but in many cases were not saved. Wm. Tayor, on trial for the Sutton murder, was let out of jail to prevent his being

drowned, and made his escape. All the churches in the town are swept away. The Court House is safe. One hundred and fifty-five persons, including Capt. Sam Brown and two of his family, were saved. They took refuge in the light house, and were thereby saved. Brown is now the only surviving pilot at the pass. Great destitution prevails. The Victoria people, hearing every person economizes his present of it, nobly sent us assistance at once Information from Corpus Christi reports that town safe. They escaped the heavy gale. The town of Saluria was entirely washed away. Telegraph lines are prostrated for miles.

THE STORM AT GALVESTON.

The New Orleans Times gives the following account of the storm at Galveston, derived from newspaper accounts and statements of passengers from that city: "To briefly summarize the disaster, the gale by Wednesday, at midday, reached such proportions that captains of steamers, who have been accustomed for generations to traversing this portion of the Gulf, declined to put to sea. Almost simultaneously with the announcement of this determination came the report that a shipyard at the extreme eastern end of the sland had been inundated, and that the men were fleeing for their lives. A rapidly falling barometer indicated an increase of the storm, and the waters of the Gulf on the south side of the island gradually begun to encroach upon the gardens of the scattered residences skirting the beach, and they were soon overflowed, the water during the day reaching a depth of two feet. All day long and during Thursday it blew a hurricane, pushing the waters of the Gulf over the entire island and covering even the highest elevations to a depth of two and a of perhaps tweleve blocks of buildings, extending from Mechanic street to Marvery often. Most have also learned that ket street, a distance of two squares latithis crop does the best if hoed very early | tudinally, and from Centre street to Bath | anguish; so he remarked to Mrs. B. that avenue about six squares longitudinally. In the entire of the east and west ends of the dew has evaporated, will not have the the city the water rose to a sufficient could avert it, and after considerable depth to float large wooden edifices, many of which are very valuable. The res- her: idence portion of the city was affected from Vremont street for a distance of at least one mile and a half. Every garden and every foundation is destroyed. Domiciles are scattered promiscuously in the centre of the thoroughfares, many of them being jammed together.

Further to the west, in the neighborhood of Oleander Park, where there are many small farms and a number of stylish residences, the water is reported to have reached from six to nine feet in depth. A similar story is told of the eastern end of the island, which extends from Centre street at least one mile and a | there?" half. In the business portion of the city large stocks of goods are kept on the from him; "lots like you; they were tied system could be given than this. ground floors, and one may estimate the injury which thirty inches of sea water would involve. It is fair to presume that the earnings of an entire year will be exthat the succeeding crops were larger and | hausted in repairing the damage. Prob- for a divorce.-N. Y. Commercial Adverably the vegetation has been utterly destroyed, but that the island is involved in wholesale ruin we do not apprehend.

> - Bayard Taylor says that there the figuid to feel happy.

The Hard Times-The Best and Surest | Planting on Credit-Startling Figures. Remedy.

We are no croaker, nor do we desire to dishearten our readers by referring to the the business methods and prospects of the gloomy present and darker future of our financial affairs. No one can be injured bodying facts, which, though they cannot be knowing a thing which may even be said to be new to any Southern commost entirely destroyed by the storm of threaten him with disaster. On the con- munity, are aggregated and formulated so trary, such knowledge is his best defence against harm and may enable him to pass the danger with little or no serious consequences. The heading of this article is not required to remind our people that there is a great scarcity of money in the country. The depleted pockets of the people are daily reminders of this. We need not tell the merchant that trade is dull, and the little trade he does is on a On Wednesday, the 15th, winds from eastward veering to north. On Thursday norning it became more steady, increasing to a gale. The water was waist deep. Every man, woman and child were seeka remunerative price is far from bright. Hard times and worse coming are the appropriate terms to express our present condition and future prospects. What is women and children could be heard in our condition? Our people generally are every direction. The water was six feet in debt by over trading their means.— farming, and eight per cent. lose. Again, sion, and who thought it was better to deep in the street. About two o'clock We do not think that less than seventyit is found that about seventy-one per cent.

Friday a. m., the wind veered to the five to one hundred thousand dollars are of the farmers give daily personal super-Friday a. m., the wind veered to the northwest; the waves then become chopped, and houses washed away or tumbled to pieces. The wind, toward a. m., began to lull a little, the water done at Seneca City, Westminster and are larger than sevenly of the farmers give daily personal supervision to their farm labor, while twenty-nine do not; also, that land is more rapidly explained and gutted under the cropping and renting system than when worked by wages labor. The report, acwas getting lower, the wind veered to the north, then came hope. Daylight began to break, and then did we behold the awful destruction around us, and the awful destruction about the same to be a selected city, we same and the mount of indebtedness. To pay this will require from two to three thousand bales of cotton at present prices. This will only put the farmer even, with his wants and necessities for the next year nothing compared with the sufferings of unprovided for. The tax of next year will be a heavy one, and will, doubtless, Broad daylight revealed a scene that was terrible to behold. The town could not be recognized as the Indianola of the cash, and will require from four to five State of Georgia, to the astonishing sum of \$4 240 000—four and a quarter million. hundred bales of cotton. In a word, we doubt if the present cotton crop will pay for our home debts and taxes, for the crop cannot exceed two-thirds of an average crop for the land planted. Our corn crop, though a fair one, will not be greataround us. Houses were crushed to the ly in excess of our wants, because the crop is hardly average, and the area planted in corn is less than that of several years ago. The wheat, oat and rye streets. Those that could rallied to learn | crop will not supply our wants, and we the news. Bodies of men, women and children were found in all directions. as much meat as it consumed any year Police and guards were organized and since the war. With our cotton crop spent before it is harvested, with a deficiency of flour and meat, and only a small superfluity of corn, what have we got to bring or even keep money in our county for the next year? Nations, States and counties are but an associa-

tion of families, and as an individual or family, which spends more than it makes, must grow poorer, so a county, the aggregate expenses of whose people exceed their aggregate productions, must be without money and annually grow poor-er. We are constrained to believe that while our farmers have worked well since the war and have produced large crops, ten carried forward in the ledger of the merchant and the debt of the next year has been increased. It is time for every

farmer to reflect and, if possible, economize his expenses. Hard times are often useful to a people in bringing about this very thing. While everbody is prospering, crops good, prices high and money plenty, the merchant does not feel the burden of the credit trade he is carrying on and the farmer has no fears of his debts amid his prosperity. Let pri-ces decline, crops partially fail and money become tight, and the credit trade of the merchant weighs upon him heavily. He needs his money, and for the reason of his needing it badly, the debtors have not got it to pay with. This we fear, may become our condition, unless means. We have not gone so far but we can save ourselves, but the sooner practical economy is begun the better for all. Try the advice of Col. Aiken one year by paying as you go, and the expenses of every will be less both by reduced profits of the merchant and by every one doing one without many things not absolutely essential. In the matter of flour let every one remember to sow wheat is only labor, and though you get but five bushels to the acre, it is turning idle labor into money, while, if you buy flour, it is money. The former every farmer can command, while the latter is, at times difficult to obtain. If all our people could say we have meat and flour and corn enough for the next twelve months, then our surplus crop of corn and cotton would return as money, which would remain in the county. Until this is done we will have hard times, and they will

annually grow harder .- Walhalla Cou-NOT ENTIRELY WITHOUT REASON .-Bunday has been married two weeks and left his wife. Bunday is a little man and his wife weighs two hundred and forty pounds, and was the relic of the late Peter Pots. About ten days after marriage Bunday was surprised on awakening in the morning, to find his better half sitting up in bed crying as if her heart would break. Astonished, he asked half feet. This ridge embraces an area the cause of her sorrow, but receiving no reply he began to surmise that there must be some secret on her mind that she withheld from him, that was the cause of her as they were married, she should tell him the cause of her grief, so, if possible, he coaxing he elicited the following from

"Last night I dreamed I was single, and as I walked through a well lighted street I came to a store where a sign in front advertised husbands for sale .--Thinking it curious, I entered and ranged along the wall on either side were men with prices affixed to them. Such beautiful men; some for \$1,000, some for \$500 and so on to \$150. And as I had not that amount I could not purchase."

Thinking to console her, Bunday placed his arm lovingly around her and "And did you see any men like me

up in bunches, like asparagus, and sold

for ten cents per bunch. Bunday got up and went to see his lawyer as to whether he had sufficient ground

- Let's stop slurring pull-back dresses. might be allowd some extravagances.

A recent report of the Georgia Department of Agriculture makes an exhibit of planters and farmers of that State, emas to present some startling and instructive some two or three hundred negroes and statistics. We are told that the farmers a few whites. The negroes formed a have not bought on credit to as great an extent this year as last; that about twenty per cent. of their number have been purchasing exclusively for cash; that about forty-four per cent. has been paid bought on a credit, payable November of those who raise their own supplies, ever, that the fatal shot was fired by some worked by wages labor. The report, accepting these returns as reflecting the actual situation, indulges the following re-

flections: We learn from the above that only 20 per cent, of the farmers buy entirely for cash, while those who buy on a credit pay at the enormous rate of 44 per cent. per annum interest on what they conof \$4,240,000-four and a quarter million dollars, paid by the farmers in interest on that farming is not profitable under such a suicidal policy? No legitimate business can pay 44 per cent. per annum on the capital necessary to conduct it and

Another instructive lesson taught by the above answers in the fact that 80 per cent. of those who raise their supplies make a profit, while 75 per cent. of those who buy lose money. Let us put these facts together, and study the lessons taught by them.

1st. Only 20 per cent. of the farmers pay cash for what they buy. 2nd. Those who buy on a credit pay an average of 44 per cent. per annum in-

terest on the cash prices. 3rd The farmers of Georgia pay, in interest of supplies-nearly all of which can be raised on their farms—the sum of \$4,250,000, which is more than half of the bonded debt of Georgia, and is 14 per cent. of the value of the entire cotton Dr. Shell. The murderers of Dr. Shell have not yet been arrested and

crop of the State. Among the remedial measures suggested by the report, the farmers and planters are recommended to cease buying supplies that can be raised on their farms. and at the same time to reduce their planting down to a cash basis; to demand such a tax upon dogs and such protection from their ravages as will enable them to raise wool and mucton, and thus at present utilize their waste or useless lands; also, to commence at once to provide against the leeks which are sapping their financial life-blood, by sowing largely of grain, and especially of the rust-proof oat, early in the fall, by carefully husbanding all the manures on the farm, under shelter, for use in composting for the next season's crops, and by taking proper steps towards increasing their facilities for raising stock. As to the "plague of dogs," the fact is worth mentioning that with only 370,492 sheep in Georgia, the annual loss by these animals, valuing the sheep at only \$1.50 per head, is \$83,457, which is a mere trifle compared to the amount lost to the State

by the prevention of sheep raising. The advice given to the Georgia plantters may be heeded with advantage by those of South Carolina as well. Here, as indeed all over the South, the reckless use of credit has been the bane of the planting interest.

THE POSSIBILITIES OF AN ACRE OF LAND .- No man knows what these are. We know that two hundred bushels of corn were once grown on one acre, and that five bales of cotton have been made on the same area of soil, but we do not know that the limits of production were reached in either case. We should try to find out not merely how much of any given crop can be produced on an acre of land, but how cheaply it can be grown. A big crop may not, in all cases, be a profitable one. It may cost too much to make it. The greatest yield with the smallest possible outlay of capital and labor is what we must aim at. As we have said before-and we wish to impress the truth on the reader's mindour farmers are often poor, not so much because their crops are small-and small they are compared what they might beas because it costs too much to make them. We must learn to make larger crops with less labor. To do this, we must go over less ground, and make science and practical skill properly supplement muscle and machinery .- Rural Carolinian.

LARGE AND SMALL FARMS .- Twelve of the States have farms that average less than 125 acres in extent, which in some States even runs up nearly to an average of 500 acres. These twelve States give the following as the average size of their farms: Maine, 98 acres; New Hampshire, 122 acres; Massachusetts, 103 acres; Rhode Island, 94 acres; Connecticut, 93 acres; New York, 103 acres; New Jersey, 98 acres; Pennsylvania, 103 acres; Indiana, 112 acres; Ohio, 111 acres; Michigan, 101 acres; Wisconsin,

114 acres. While the total value of the farms in the United States is put down at \$9,262,-803.361, the value in the above small-farm States foots up \$5,407,587,178, or nearly three-fifths of the total-and this, too, while the area of these States is less than one-tenth of the area of the whole country. No more conclusive exhibit of the

 A Western man has invented a shell which deserves the immediate attention of Secretary Roberson: "It is filled with small shells, and when it bursts among ten thousand soldiers, these smaller shells are scattered in all directions, and bursting in turn, send out still smaller shells, When one comes to remember that a which travel around recklessly, and by woman has got to sit sideways on a horse, the time the miniature shells, contained alcohol in fresh bread, but one has to eat and that she can't put her feet on the in the third size explode, the army is The Situation in Laurens

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Desiring to know the true state of af-

fairs in Laurens, we paid a visit to our old home on Saturday last. We found

some little excitement existing, but not the amount which we had been led to expect. Crews' funeral took place on Thursday, the 16th, and was attended by some two or three hundred negroes and long procession and marched to the grave, but there was no unusual demonstration. Various rumors are in circulation in regard to his deathbed conversations, but it appears that for some time previous to on the cost and prices of goods when his death he was under the influence of opiates, and in an unconscious state.-1st; that sixty-seven counties report hav- From what we could learn, it is not virtually sold before it was grown; that or perpetrated the deed. It may be how-"fly to evils he knew not of, than to submit to those that were." We found a very proper feeling among all classes, and was glad to see that there was no probability of any unnecessary excitement or disturbance. The whites are not exultant, but on the contrary deeply deplore the truly unfortunate situation in which the county has been placed for the past ten years. They feel that they have been borne along by circumstances over which they have had no control, and the county having been under the absolute cortrol of Joe Crews for such a length of time, they were beginning to despair of ever seeing a better day. The people of Laurens are very conservative in spirit, but are not hypocrites, and do not hesitate to say that while they deplore the what they consume. Is it remarkable circumstances, and the situation which that farming is not profitable under such made such a deed possible, still, no matter by whom it was done, they can but feel that a great burden has been lifted from them, and that there is some hope

for the county in future. Capt. G. W. Shell and his son Walter have been arrested and imprisoned, the warrant having been sworn out by one Canton, a detective from Columbia. We visited Capt. Shell and son, and found them in good health and spirits, and as comfortable as circumstances would permit. Capt. Shell does not hesitate to assure all of his friends of his innocence, but also of his safety; and has con-cluded to remain in Jail until Court sits at Laurens, at which time his case will be brought before the Grand Jury. There can be no evidence upon which to base his arrest, except the suspicion brought to trial, but doubtless will be as soon as possible. Laurens has experienced ten years of sorrow and trouble and oppression, unequalled by anything in history. The United States Government is primarily responsible, for it created the State government which gave and supported Crews in the use and abuse of the power which he had. Every right thinking man would have preferred to see the change come in a different way, and effort after effort has been made, but it seems that "man proposes and God disposes." Let come what will, the people of Laurens have proven themselves to be a "patient and long suffering people."-Spartanburg Spartan.

HOUSHOLD REMEDIES-The following information is given by the Scientific American: If mosquitoes or other bloodsuckes infest our sleeping rooms at night, we uncork a bottle of the oil of pennyroyal, and these animals leave in great haste, nor will they return so long as the air in the room is loaded with the fumes of that aromatic herb. If rats enter the cellar, a little powdered potash, thrown in their holes or mixed in meal and scattered in their runaways, never fails to drive them away. Cayenne pepper will keep the buttery and store-room free from ants and cockroaches. If a mouse makes an entrance into any part of your dwellings, saturate a rag with cayenne, in solution, and stuff it into the hole, which can then be repaired with either wood or mortar. No rat or mouse will eat that rag for the purpose of opening communication with a depot of supplies.

- Is suicide ever committed by a sane person? Unquestionably. Many result from deliberate intention and reasoning. Whether the mind reasons properly or not, under these circmstances, is a dif-ferent question. Mental suffering is far greater than physical, and yet statistics show that one-ninth of the cases of suicide result from physical suffering. This prevents the mind from reasoning as to the criminality and folly of the act. Of the case in which mental anguish is the cause of suicide, one eighth is from the loss of property, one-tenth is from fear and remorse of conscience, one-tenth from family quarrels. The cases from disappointment in love are, proportionately, very small, while another ninth result from drunkenness and its kindred. Three men kill themselves to one woman. Fewersuicides occur among the married than among the unmarried, more among the widowed than among the single, and more among the divorced than among the widowed.

- William T. Alexander, postmaster at Jacksonville, Ala., occupies a unique position before the great American public. He is a Democrat, but yet holds a position as a federal office-holder. He was appointed on the 18th of last August. Upon the receipt of his appointment, to set himself right before his neighbors, he published a card saying that if he did consent to serve the Government he was

et no minion of Grant's. Upon the publication of this bold card certain people in his town have tried to persuade the Postmaster-General to remove him on account of his disloyalty. Jewell has investigated his case, and has found that there is not a Republican in the town capable of discharging the duties of postmaster; that Alexander is an efficient officer, and upon this ground his commission, which has been held back ever since the date of this appointment, was issued to him on the 20th inst.

- Speaking of the checks now worn by gentlemen, a London correspondent thus abundantly evidences that capricious fashion is not confined to the gentler sex. "I believe," he says, "that some of the plaids are so long that a gentleman has two pairs of trousers-one worn in